

THE LAST LEMON CURRY

Yes, another 'zine appears to have succumbed to the steadily decreasing interest in PBM in the wake of PBEM and other things. However, "appears" is the operative word here. I wouldn't call it a fold per se, but a sudden increase in my workload along with a noticeable lack of takers for game openings (and even when I do get enough for a game start, a number of players suddenly change their minds) has forced me to cut back on this 'zine after over 15 years, none of which saw a readership level of more than 40. Only one person - Dick Martin - has received all 159 issues, and this is probably in part to the fact that he started receiving them for free after doing a subzine (*Timewarp*, which ran a Diplomacy game) for me.

Don't panic; I'm not going anywhere - and, apparently unlike Kathy Caruso, who said the same thing. I'm *not* going anywhere. (Not that you've noticed me; the only game I've been in in the last few years was the occasional entry into the Scattergories game in *Rambling WAY*.) I am keeping my position as the Western USA Diplomacy Introductory Package contact, even though nobody has asked for one in the last six months; my United 'zine, *GOOOOOOOOOLLLLLLLLLLLLLL!*, will keep its regular schedule; I'm still running International Diplomacy Tournament Ratings, although I've only received two 1995 tournament (Pacificon, which I ran, and Dixiecon), and neither had the minimum 31 participants; and expect to see me at next year's WORLD DIP CON, assuming it's at ORIGINS. And as soon as I find some time again, I'll probably be back in the 'zine-publishing business, albeit with a different 'zine name. (But I reserve the right to start counting issue numbers where I left off.)

I'm not alone in the non-Diplomacy-game-dropoff department; John Boardman is giving serious thought to folding *Empire* and moving his existing games into *Graustark*.

Oh, and speaking of Kathy, there is one "hobby office" I need to pass on: as of today, Mara Kent takes over from me as the Hobby Gossipy Silliness Custodian, a post I "usurped" from Kathy when she folded *Kathy's Kornor*. (Mara's *Gossip Shop* column appears in her subzine *Oasis* in *Maniac's Paradise*.)

WHAT HAPPENS NOW

The Diplomacy game will continue under separate cover.

The Kremlin game is being stopped as only two of the players are bothering to send in orders, one of which is "do nothing".

All outstanding sub balances (minus 40 cents for this "issue") are being refunded; there should be a check included with this issue.

All trades should stop immediately; there will be a check included if I want to continue subscribing to your 'zine.

As to "when will you be back": keep checking *Pontevedria* and various 'zines for news of my return, which may include (or even be in its entirety) as a subzine somewhere and/or on Internet. (Until there's a JUDGE that can run games like Kingmaker or Civilization, there will be a need for GMs.)

DIPLOMACY "TOMMY", SUMMER/FALL 1909 - Wanna trade Bud for Rum?

This game will be continued despite the fol-er, despite the "suspension of publication".

All draws failed

SUMMER 1909: Turkey retreats A Bul to CON and A Gal to BUD

FALL 1909

ENGLAND: F ENG H, A Spa-MAR, A YOR H, F WES H, F Tun-ION, A Mar-PIE, A Pie-TUS,
F LYO S A Pie-Tus, F TYH S F Tun-Ion, F Naf-ION

GERMANY (Bailey): NMR - has A TYO, A BER, A MOS, A LVN, A BOH, A GAL, A SIL,
A PRU, F KIE, A WAR, and F SWE

ITALY (Goode): A ROM S F Ven, F Ion-NAP, A SER S A Rum-Bud, A Bul-Rum(ann),
A TRI S A Rum-Bud, A RUM-Bud, F VEN S A Tri

TURKEY (Kent): A Con-BUL, F AEG S A Con-Bul, F GRE S A Con-Bul, A SEV S A Bud-Rum,
A UKR S A Bud-Rum, A BUD-Rum

1909 SUPPLY CENTER CHART (Keep/GAIN/Lose)

ENGLAND: Edi, Lon, Lvp, Bel, Bre, Por, Par, Mar, Spa, Tun - 10, even

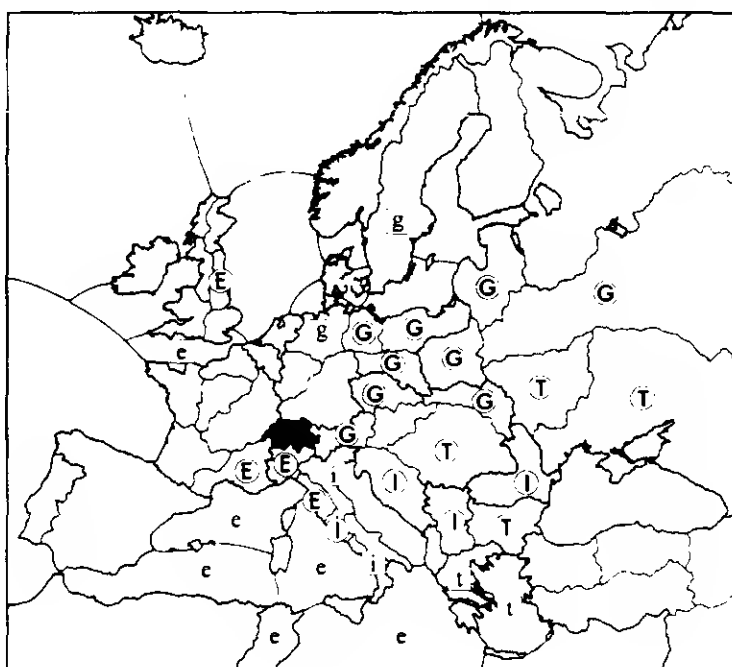
GERMANY: Ber, Kie, Mun, Den, Hol, Swe, Nwy, Stp, War, Mos, Vie - 11, even

ITALY: Rom, Nap, Ven, Tri, Ser, ~~Bud~~, ~~Gre~~, RUM - 6, even

TURKEY: Ank, Con, Smy, Sev, Bul, ~~Rum~~, GRE, BUD - 7, build 1

NOTE: Beginning with this turn, the deadlines will be **FOUR WEEKS** apart and will be on **FRIDAYS** (as opposed to five weeks and Thursdays)

DEADLINE for WINTER 1909 and SPRING 1910 is **DECEMBER 1**



What would the last Lemon Curry be without

Lord Sacks Fifthavenue took yet The silence was broken only by some that are supposed to control things smoke. "Your everythingness, has it big and as dark as it is, it would be using one of these sensor panels you this ship for exactly such an occasion as this?"

"I'll give it some consideration." **ZOT** "But first, I have to move someone to a recently opened position on the bridge. You would think that after who knows how many episodes that he would have known better than to say that."

Meanwhile, over on the *Linoleum Falcon*, everything comes to a dead stop by a blinding **FLASH**. No, wait - first everything came to a dead stop, then there was the **FLASH** when Baldo Calberchian's hat came off. "1LOM," Rod Seaparter commands, "locate the nearest planet that supplies straps for hats!"

"That would be the Esquilax planet in the strangely enough named Esquilax system, coordinates +13.552, +1.228, +12.114, zero, +1, -1."

Princess Luscious asks the question everyone else who's been reading this story (and it was nominated for a Walker award once): "What do those numbers *mean*, anyway?"

Oboe-1 Caruso tries to explain. "The first three numbers indicate the location in this three-dimensional universe based on some universally-accepted origin and X and Y axes. The other three numbers determine how many universes in the 4, 5, and 6 directions, as it were, in six-dimensional hyperspace, away it is. Now, **WARP OUT!**" Princess Luscious is about to object that she doesn't put out like that when she realizes it was a command for the ship to engage hyperspatial drives."

"I hate to interrupt the lesson," John Pole-O hates to interrupt but does anyway, "but we've arrived." Strangely enough, there's only one city on the entire planet, and there's only one building in the city. Needless to say, it's a hat store. The entrance of the Diplomatic Rebels triggers the automated sales hologram. "Hello, I'm Bal Undies, friendly neighborhood hat salesman. Somebody here need a hat or something?"

"Show him, Calberchian." **FLASH**

"What, you want me to be impressed or something? As I hologram, I am impervious to everything - well, every thing but one. Even I, constructed entirely of light and various sound synthesizers, can't stand those Princess Luscious Ultradiet Healthshakes."

"As you can tell, his hat needs a new strap that can withstand a sudden deceleration without causing a violation of various planetary weapons treaties."

"Hat strap? I'm kept in cold storage for who knows how long only to sell a hat strap? Can't you do better than that? You - you can use a high-crown low-brim in, say, dark blue with a black inside brim."

Princess Luscious notes, "You're pointing to the far wall. We're over here."

"Well, pardon me if my position detectors are a little bit out of alignment from lack of practice!"

While this was going back and forth, nobody, not the least of which the salesman, noticed a rather large ship passing far, far overhead - well, maybe a few thousand kilometers to one side...



"I see my hat salesman hologram trick worked! I knew they'd head here eventually. Now, what's left in the arsenal?"

"Well, there's *Lemon Curry*."

"I want weaponry, not potato chips!"

"In that case, *Maniac's Paradise* and *Perelandra*."

"*Perelandra* with that baby talk stuff - prepare to suffer!"

Pause here while Pete Gaughan figures out how I feel about reading about raising children in Diplomacy 'zines. (I was not particularly enthused when Mark Berch spent an entire issue of *Diplomacy Digest* talking about raising his first son, either.)

"Now...IN THE NAME OF THE ALMIGHTY ME!"

While the remaining Diplomatic Rebels were busy trying to obtain their hat strap, the weapons speeded toward their certain near-but-not-quite-destruction, only for a rogue wormhole to open in its path, closing just as it entered, causing it to compress into a hypermass of such density that all of the known universes collapsed into a single dark void, consisting of Lord Sacks Fifthavenue, the Diplomatic Rebels...and that rectangular solid that keeps changing colors: red, blue, light blue, black, green, white, yellow, red, blue, light blue, black, green, white, yellow, red - known to all as

THE BOURSE

Yes, after all of these years, it was time for the final showdown to see which side would maintain absolute control of THE HOBBY. Normally, it would be no contest - but Lord Sacks Fifthavenue thought of that and covered Baldo Calberchian's head with a bag so he couldn't remove his hat. At last, his big chance! But wait! What's this? 1LOM recommends "Plan Q". Rod Seaparter grabs a can, shakes it, pulls the tab, and throws it at Lord Sacks Fifthavenue.

"Not an Opened Ultradiet Healthshake! I'm dissolving..."

Yes, the Diplomatic Rebels had finally wrested control of THE HOBBY, and-

"Wait a minute! What's happening to THE BOURSE? It's disappearing!"

1LOM has the answer: "Now that Lord Sacks Fifthavenue is gone, and none of you are actually in THE HOBBY any more (and they aren't; Kathy and John Caruso, John Michalski, Mark Berch, and Rod Walker have long since faded into hobby oblivion - and yes, they were all active when DIP WARZ started...back in 1981), there's nobody left for which the colors have meaning. It's all computer text and black-and-white Postscript generated now. THE HOBBY has gone electronic. All of you are anachronisms. I, on the other hand, am THE NEW HOBBY- bow down to ME or prepare to suffer from disconnected servers, network overload, and that terror of the Internet, LAG!"